Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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Vol. IX APRIL, 1906 No. 4

An Easter Song

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe;
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
and be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart.

With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart was wrung,
As lifted high above his cross
The Lord of Glory hung;
When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms
Stole forth in the street and mart;
But Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day,
Were just one day apart.

Oh, when the strife of tongues is loud,
And hearts of hope beat low,
When prophets prophesy of ill,
And mourners come and go,
In this sure thought let us abide,
And keep and stay our hearts,
That Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's heaviest day and happiest day,
Were but one day apart.

—*Selected.*

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

Topics for 1906.

JANUARY.—The South—Freedmen. Resources. Perils. Encouragements.
FEBRUARY.—The North—Alaska. Extent and Resources. Social and Religious Conditions.
MARCH.—The Board of Directors. American Baptist Home Mission Society. Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. Administration—Methods of Work.
APRIL.—Romanists in the United States, Mexico and Cuba. Romanism in Citizenship. Danger of Romanism in America.
MAY.—The Indians. Duty of the Church. Work of the Government.
JUNE.—Anniversary Notes. W. A. B. H. M. Society and A. B. H. M. Society.
JULY.—The Foreigners. In Cities. Perils of Immigration.
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.—Intemperance. Its Effect upon Missions. Danger to New Sections of Country.
OCTOBER. The Outlook for the Year. On the Field. Among the Churches.
NOVEMBER.—Mormons. Danger to Government. Danger to Society. Danger to Church.
DECEMBER.—The Treasury. Its Need. Our Obligation.

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, Assistant Editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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Items

WE have spoken many times in associational and circle meetings during the past few months of the help we might derive from using the Home Department of the Sunday School to further the interests of our Woman's Home Mission Society. There is a superintendent of the Home Department in many of our Sunday Schools, whose work it is to place the lessons and literature of the Sunday School in the homes where are invalids who cannot attend the regular sessions of the Sunday School, also mothers with little children, who cannot leave home upon the Sabbath long enough to attend Sunday School, but who can prepare the lesson, and become interested in the study of God's Word. If those in charge of the different classes in the Home Department would place missionary literature and mite boxes in those homes, using such an opportunity to arouse interest in Home Missions, great good might be accomplished. We hope many circles will use these suggestions and thus enrich many lives by giving them a broader view of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

The superintendent of each Home Department can obtain literature and mite boxes at 510 Tremont Temple.

A LETTER from our teacher at Mexico City, Miss Bolles, speaks of the necessity of a respectable school building and better equipment if we would reach the better class, who have souls to save as well as the very poor. Mexico is open to the Gospel if we had the money to put in workers.

Mr. Trevino, the principal of the International School at Monterey, tells of three baptisms at the church in January, two of whom were pupils in the School. Christians are expecting a revival in Mexico, and the children and young people in the School are praying for it daily. The Sunday School is growing and a deep interest is manifested in all departments of the work.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. IX. APRIL, 1906 No. 4

Editorial

THE twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held in the Baptist Church, Beverly Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, May 2 and 3, 1906, beginning at 2 P. M. Wednesday and closing Thursday afternoon.

The Workers' Meeting will be held Wednesday Morning, May 2 at 10 A. M.

Simple meals will be served in the Church at twenty-five cents a plate. Lodging and breakfast for all delegates from a distance. All delegates desiring such entertainment should apply before April 20 to Mrs. F. C. Maude, 3 Lenox Street, Beverly, Mass. As most of the delegates can reach home after the close of the meeting Thursday afternoon, entertainment will be provided for one night only unless it is distinctly stated in the application that entertainment is desired for two nights.

GRACE COLEMAN LATHROP, Clerk.

A MEETING of unusual interest is planned for May 2 and 3. Beverly is on the Eastern Branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad, a short distance above Salem. Trains leave the North Station, Boston, giving ample time to reach Beverly in season for the morning meeting. We hope a large number of ladies will plan to attend the meeting.

MISS SARAH ELY of Holyoke, for many years Director of Westfield Association, after a short illness passed from earth February 8. Miss Ely has been an interested and efficient missionary worker in her church and in the Association for many years. Her loss will be keenly felt by the workers in Western Massachusetts and at headquarters. A cultured, consecrated woman has been taken from us. Upon whom will her mantle fall?

MRS. LOU G. MAC VICAR, widow of Rev. Malcolm MacVicar, died of pneumonia in Rochester, N. Y., January 22. Many hearts have been saddened by this event, the news of which came so unexpectedly to her friends. Mrs. MacVicar will be remembered by all those who shared the hospitality of her beautiful home in Richmond, Va., when Dr. MacVicar was President of Virginia Union University. At Spelman Seminary she was a frequent visitor and her cheerful, cordial manner won the hearts of teachers and pupils. One by one those who have been identified with our work are taken from us. Let us pray the Lord of the Harvest to raise up others to share the joys of service.

THE recent Encyclical of Pope Pius X to the French Clergy and the Catholic people of France, upon the promulgation of the law separating Church and State puts the fact in the clearest light that the Fountain head of Catholicism is the same to-day that it has ever been. The Pope still claims for the Apostolic See the supreme right to dictate to men in affairs of State as well as religion; insists that "the principle of the separation of the State from the Church is a thesis absolutely false, an error thoroughly pernicious;" holds, that "society comprises two categories of persons, the shepherds and the flock, those who hold a rank in the different grades of the hierarchy and the multitude of the faithful,—that in the pastoral body alone resides the necessary right of authority to move and direct all the members toward the final purpose of society; and as for the multitude, they have no other duty than that of permitting themselves to be led like a docile flock and to follow their shepherds."

The Encyclical contains an "Anathema" in which he "*rebukes* and *condemns* the law enacted in France for the separation of Church and State *as deeply insulting to God*." And while it is couched in gentler phrase than has sometimes marked the anathemas of the Pope against the nations or men who have dared to defy his supreme authority over them, yet it reveals most plainly the fact that Roman Catholicism at its Fountain Head is unchanged, and emphasizes a warning to the American people against its many-sided machinations to gain supreme control over our people and nation.

THE Paulist Fathers, an order of the Roman Catholic Church, have been conducting a mission at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, which has been the most remarkable Catholic revival ever held in Boston. From March 6 to 11 the meetings were exclusively for women. The concluding exercises of the Women's Mission took place Sunday afternoon, March 11, when the last sermon was preached and was followed by the bestowal of the papal benediction. Through this mission a plenary indulgence was extended to all the women who have complied with its spiritual obligation, and the same rich spiritual concession, the highest spiritual favor within the gift of the Church, will be granted to all men who comprise the mission during the present week. By attending every session of the mission meetings these people have earned "plenary indulgence," which, according to Webster, is an entire remission of penalties due to all sins. According to the Bible the forgiveness of sin is a free gift through the sacrifice of Christ, not earned by attending church, and granted by a man. This teaching is in enlightened Boston in the twentieth century.

ADJUNTAS, PORTO RICO.

MY DEAR MRS. REYNOLDS:—

It has been long since the readers of the ECHOES have heard from me, and I have a real desire to speak to them now through its pages. The two and almost a half years since I left the United States, the last time, have been the busiest of all the years spent in Porto Rico, although I have not told you much about them.

To-night I write from Adjuntas, where some of my first months in the Island were spent in work among the children. In a few moments, I shall throw my shawl over my head and cross the little plaza in the center of the town, to go to evening service in our Mission Hall. It is Carnival Sunday, and there has been some play of maskers in the streets, this afternoon, but all is quiet again now at dusk.

The mountains rise solemnly around the small, isolated town and we seem cut off from the world. But one of the great highways of the Island now passes through, and in a few hours' drive one can reach the see on either side, North or South.

Our mission-work in Adjuntas has not prospered as in some other towns, but we have a church of thirty-three members, who are faithful and earnest. Many of these men and women live away off in the mountains, and these can come down only to the Sunday morning service, unless there is a moon. You who live in the midst of electric light, and where trains and trolley-cars reach out into the country districts can have little idea of the real use of the moon. For you it is an adornment, so to speak of some of the nights of the North, but by no means a necessity.

Here, in the country-work, special meetings are timed to fall in with the moon's presence with us, and everybody is glad when the moonlight touches these sombre hills. The trails are often only narrow gullies, worn by water and the tread, in ceaseless passing up and down, of man and beast in single file. The darkness at night is dense from the shade of the coffee plantations covering all these mountains. Plantains, guavas, pumaroasa and many other kinds of shady growth are planted to shade the coffee, and even, at midday, there is a chill in these groves.

This morning among the rest a sweet-faced old lady from the hills, came down to Sunday-School, over a path that they say is too long and steep for me! It is strange how the leaven works in the hearts of the mountain people. They are a serious folk, for the most part clean in their lives and industrious. It is good to think that they are getting something into their lives besides just the awful struggle to feed and clothe and shelter themselves.

We have a young pastor here, who has lately taken charge, and already there are signs of more interest in the town, and he is gaining the confidence of the citizens. At present, our hall is a part of a dwelling-house, and is very inadequate and uninviting. Now that the Home Mission Society is able to supply the money, Mr. Rudd hopes to begin on the building of a substantial chapel in May. The old house is the property of the Mission, and stands on the main street fronting the plaza. When we have the chapel and a nice little cottage next door for the pastor's family, the work will take another step forward.

In these days of my "mission" here, I am trying to get together the scattered children and to help the women in their Bible Study. There are also acquaintances of the better class whom I am trying to interest in our work, but they do not wish the Gospel, yet. A sense of sin must be awakened before they can really feel the need of a Saviour, and this sense is deadened by the practices of their Church. But they have the kindest of hearts and some of these will be touched and changed by a power greater than mine.

Since beginning this letter I have been to evening service and returned. As I crossed the plaza, between the tall hibiscus plants and the rose-bushes, I saw a thread of a moon just two nights old, glimmering from behind a cloud. So, by next Sunday evening we shall have light.

The small folding-organ given me by the Malden Baptist Church came up the mountains from Ponce with me, and helps us in the music. It is battered and unsteady on its legs after these years of journeyings, but it still has a voice, and to-night I thought the singing unusually sweet. Don Dario preached solemnly to those who had not yet come to know Christ, and there was scarcely the turning of a head during the sermon, in all the room.

And now the day has come to a close, and the blackest darkness has come down over the valleys, but there is starlight overhead.

Down in Ponce the Carnival ball is going on, and all kinds of disorder are abroad in the streets in honor of "King MoMo" of the Carnival. But the Lord's servants have been working there all day, and there is peace and quiet in many homes even down there in the city.

JANIE P. DUGGAN.

Feb. 25, 1906.

The Sceptic and the Italian Girl

SHE sat behind her neatly arranged fruit stand—a girl of fourteen—absorbed in reading her Bible. She did not hear the footsteps of a gentleman who was passing by, and was startled by his question, "What are you reading that interests you so much?" She timidly replied, "The Word of God, sir."

"Who told you that the Bible is the Word of God?" he inquired. "God told me himself," she replied, with childlike innocence.

"God told you! Impossible! How did he tell you? You have never seen him, nor talked with him. How then could he tell you that the Bible is his word?"

For a few seconds the girl seemed confused and was silent. The man, who was a sceptic and took delight in undermining the faith of people in the Scriptures, felt confident that he had confounded the simple-hearted girl. She soon recovered herself, and her ready wit came to her aid. There was a flash in her dark eyes as she asked: "Sir, who told you there is a sun yonder in the blue sky above us?"

"Who told me?" said the man, smiling somewhat contemptuously, for he fancied that the girl was trying to hide her ignorance under an irrelevant question. "Who told me? Nobody; I don't need to be told. The sun tells this about itself. It warms me, and I love its light. That is telling enough."

"Sir," cried the girl, with intense earnestness, as she stood before him with clasped hands; "you have put it right for both Bible and sun. That is the way God tells me this is his book. I read it and it warms my heart and gives me light. I love its light, and no one but God can give such light and warmth through the pages of a book. It must be his. I don't want more telling; that's telling enough, sir. As sure as the sun is in heaven, so sure is God shining through this book."

The sceptic was abashed. The earnest faith of the young fruit seller amazed him. He could adroitly insinuate doubts into the minds of those who have only given an intellectual assent to the truth that the Bible is God's book, but the girl's heart experience of the power of God's Word was an evidence he could not shake.—*Messiah's Herald.*

COAMO, PORTO RICO.

MY DEAR MRS. REYNOLDS:—

It is now more than four months since we began our school. We have enrolled in all more than eighty pupils. A few of these have gone away, but new ones are coming to us every week, and many tell us they are coming later on. We have already more pupils than we have room for, but how can we turn any away? If you could see the homes of many of them, and the influences by which they are surrounded, you would understand how that we must receive them, and that we cannot part with any that we already have, for they are all precious to us, and there is a possibility of their being won to Christ some day.

The pupils are between the ages of thirteen and twenty-three years.

Our school consists of two departments, an industrial and common day school. Mrs. L. E. Troyer has charge of the former and I of the latter. Every morning all the girls gather into the larger room, where after the roll call, Mrs. Troyer gives a talk with an explanation of the portion of Scripture

FILIPA RIVERA AND HER BROTHER

which she never fails to read. This is followed by a prayer and hymn, after which the classes separate for industrial work and for study. The afternoon work is also begun with the singing of a hymn.

If these girls do not learn the way of salvation it will certainly not be because Mrs. Troyer has not done her part, for this earnest, consecrated woman puts forth every possible effort to save them by her fervent prayers as well as by her Christian influence and faithful teaching.

The gospel songs which the girls learn must be helpful not only to them but to their home friends and neighbors as well, for they all have good voices, and many of them love to sing in their homes, thus carrying, unconsciously, the "good tidings" to those who might otherwise not hear it.

Last Sunday, while on my way to a little Sunday school on the outskirts of the town, long before I came in sight of their homes, I heard a group of girls singing, in Spanish of course, "Down at the cross where my Saviour died." They were girls from our school, and it made my heart glad to hear them, for this is one of the dark parts of the town as far as the light of the gospel is concerned, and as far as I know there is no one there who is interested enough in the good news to attend a Christian service.

Dolores Gonzales was the first among the girls of our school who had never attended our services, to make a public profession of faith. There have been others since who have also expressed a desire to follow Christ, and one of them, Felipa Rivera, whose picture I enclose has been baptized.

Dolores is a very promising girl but has been obliged to be absent a great deal from school as well as from church services on account of sickness. She is now out in the country for her health. She has taken with her her Bible and hymn-book, and is trying to interest the people there who probably never have heard the Bible before. Very little preparation has she had for this work, but she has the missionary spirit, and faith in God's word, and apparently an ardent desire to teach it to others. Large numbers come to hear her read and teach as best she can the precious Word, and to sing the gospel songs.

We trust that the precious truths of the gospel may reach many hearts through her efforts, and cause them to turn to the Lord Jesus Christ.

HATTIE A. GREENLAW.

Feb. 20, 1906.

The Italian Immigration

THE two great American problems in our civil and religious life are that of the colored population of the South and that of the foreign immigration which is flooding the North. Attempts to bring the negro to the North are only partially successful; he loves the Sunny Southland. And there is almost equal failure in the efforts made to turn a portion of the tide which sets in upon us from other lands, towards the South; for wages are better at the North, and these men are now and will continue to be dwellers in our Northern towns and cities. They come from every land under the sun. One steamer last month had ten nationalities represented in her steerage. More than one million per year come to us by boat and by birth to increase our foreign population. Here is at once our peril and our opportunity. God has honored our Christian America as never a nation before, by committing these people to us. Let us have faith in ourselves as those who are, under His guidance to solve this problem. He has "counted us worthy," we must not fail Him.

Of all those who come to us, it is believed by many who have studied the question, that the Italians will make the best citizens and the best Christians. They are not all of them, by any means, ditch diggers and organ grinders; not all of them "the Scum of Europe." Most of them are able in a few weeks to earn good and profitable wages. They will form that great middle class which are the best element alike in Church and State. Very many of them have broken politically with the Pope and they are all the more ready to break with him on the matter of religious Sovereignty. Some indeed have gone so far as to repudiate all religion. But whether Catholics or non-Catholics, when they see the spectacle of a genuine spiritual conversion in any one of their countrymen it acts upon them as if they had seen a veritable miracle. Spiritual religion is an attractive marvel. The new word "*freedom*" is a great word to such persons—especially the " 'freedom' wherewith Christ makes free," as an experience of the soul.—PROVIDENCE.

Romanism as a Denomination and Catholic Foreigners.

IN a conversation on Catholicism with a high-cultured lady, she asked with surprise: "So, you state that Roman Catholics are not Christians?" "Yes," was the answer, "I state that there are Christians among them, in spite of their religious system, but as a whole, *they are not Christians;* they believe in the power of a bachelor to forgive sins; they worship a wafer as being divine, the very embodiment of Jesus Christ; they rely upon money to pay masses for escaping purgatory and entering heaven. If all these and many other things they believe and practice, are taught by Jesus Christ, Catholics are Christians; if not we must draw the conclusion that other teachings have supplanted, for them, the fundamental Gospel truths, and that our duty is to enlighten them." Many believe in Catholicism as a Christian denomination.

Dr. Edmund B. Fairfield, L.L.D., of Oberlin, Ohio, who not only has studied Catholicism and its fruits in Protestant countries,—like England and the United States,—but in lands where this religious system is powerful, has free course and full opportunity to develop itself untrammeled, who has spent more than five years in Austria, Belgium, France, parts of Germany, Ireland, Italy, Portugal and Spain, where Catholicism is the dominant faith, sums up as follows the result of his patient studies:—

1. Catholicism is a system of credulity, superstition, and "pious frauds."
2. Practically, Catholicism is a system of idolatry and image worship.
3. Romanism is, to all practical intents, with the great mass of the people in every Roman Catholic country, and with every Roman Catholic Church, an abrogation of the great fundamental doctrines of the New Testament.
4. Catholicism is a system of intolerance.
5. Catholicism, instead of growing better since the days of Luther, has grown worse.
6. Roman Catholicism is chargeable with the crime of withholding the Bible from the people.
7. Roman Catholicism is practically an enemy to good morals.
8. Romanism is at war with all true spirituality.
9. So far as the inspired Word of God is concerned, Catholicism has its foundation either in its abrogation or in its utter misconception.
10. As a natural and almost inevitable result of the things which have been set forth, the more intelligent people, in all Roman Catholic countries, are either Protestants or infidels.

Perhaps some readers will find this arraignment severe, but the converts from Catholicism to Christianity will fully and heartily endorse it, as a matter of actual fact.*

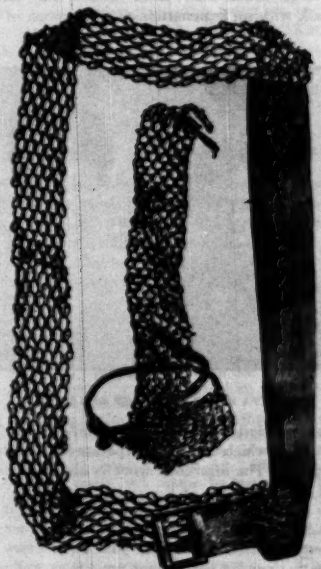
Dr. Fairfield adds: Roman Catholicism means to make a conquest of the United States. The finest map of this country my eyes have ever looked upon, is one that hangs on the walls of the "College for the Propagation of the Faith" in Rome. Every strategic point is starred. Yes, this is a practical subject *for us.*—What is the aim of that system? Ambition and domination.

December 8, 1864, Pius IX affirmed solemnly the rights and powers of the Roman Catholic Church in the Syllabus:

> *She has the right to require that the Catholic religion shall be the only religion of the State to the exclusion of all others. The State has not the right to leave every man free to profess and embrace whatever religion he shall deem true.*

We are proud of our spirit of religious toleration, but is it our duty to tolerate pious frauds, credulity, superstition, idolatry, image worship, which are substituted to the simple way of salvation as stated in the Bible? To tolerate a denomination aiming at our exclusion?

Fifty-six Roman Catholic churches can be found in the two chief cities of Massachusetts, only, Boston and Worcester, with no less than seventy-six priests and assistants who, being bachelors, without family cares and troubles, can push their work the more so earnestly and energetically. Boston only has forty-three churches. For the twelve thousand French



THE "DISCIPLINAS."
Used on the body for self-torture.

DISCIPLINAS.

Canadians living in Worcester and vicinity four Catholic churches are provided, with thirty-two ministers. The splendid and imposing Holy Cross College has twenty-five professors and teachers; we do not speak of the parochial schools and convents.

Does not that look like a silent conquest? and is it not disheartening for our French missionaries to read such statements as the following in Protestant papers:—

"It was largely through the generosity of a Protestant that the handsome new edifice of the Catholic Church of our Lady of Perpetual Help was both dedicated and consecrated yesterday to public worship in Bernardsville, N. J.

* For further proofs see: Roman Catholicism as it is To-day, by Edmund B. Fairfield, D.D., L.L.D., Homiletic Review, February and March, 1901, pp. 92 and 180. Also the weak, railing and almost insulting reply by the Rev. J. Talbot Smith in the April number, p. 282.

E. P. Olcott, president of the Central Trust Company of this city, and who has a stock farm and country seat near Bernardsville, contributed handsomely to the fund for the erection for the church, and has also purchased a tract of land which he will present to the parish.

When Protestants present tracts of land and erect handsome edifices to that new and unknown divinity, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, shall we wonder why our Missionary Societies have deficits, why from Boston to San Francisco there is not a single Protestant paper in French for enlightening Catholics, who possess five dailies, thirteen weeklies and one quarterly, in all; eighteen periodicals published in French, why we are so poor in tracts attractive and adapted to present conditions, that one of our French Missionaries, Rev. G. Aubin, of Providence, R. I., was obliged to undertake the composition, writing, printing, correcting, binding and distributing tracts all by himself, and why our young men cannot be educated in French in any theological Seminary in the U. S. to become ministers especially adapted to this particular kind of work to evangelize the million and a half of their countrymen living among us?

Is it necessary to quote another clipping published by a paper belonging to the denomination of Knox and Calvin, a few years ago? Harken!

"Services are being held this week, March 6, in the Roman Catholic churches of ———, as elsewhere, in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the coronation or Pope Leo XIII. The strictest Protestants can join in congratulations to the venerable Pontiff to whom so large a part of Christendom acknowledges spiritual allegiance. There is no doubt, that, compared with many who have preceded him, his influence has been for freedom and enlightenment, and the promotion of peace among men."

Such statements are certainly not encouraging for our 3500 French Canadian Baptists, who have left the Church of the Pope, nor for the small score of Baptist Missionaries who have such a splendid opportunity just at the present time if they were adequately aided.

Every Christian, who has the Gospel, is debtor to the man who has it not to the extent of the means at his disposal.

Some Protestant nations have to pay the travelling expenses of missionaries to send the good news to foreigners; here, in the United States we have the foreigners at home, at our very doors. Let us not miss the present opportunity.

The Catholic stranger deserves our best sympathy and interest.

Rev. C. L. Delagneau.

Worcester, Mass.

A Raffle for Souls in Mexico.

Under this heading the *Christian Endeavor World* publishes a remarkable notice of a raffle for souls in a Catholic church in Mexico, as furnished by Rev. Francis S. Borton, a missionary in that country. It reminds one of John Tetzel's public sales of papal indulgences in Germany in 1517, which aroused Luther to post his famous Ninety-five theses or protests on the doors of the Castle church at Wittenberg. The notice reads as follows:—

Yesterday in a Roman Catholic church in Mexico I read the following notice:—

"*Raffle* for souls. At the last Raffle for Souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are forever released from the pains of Purgatory:

"Ticket 841. The soul of the lawyer James Vasquey is released from Purgatory, and ushered into heavenly joys.

"Ticket 41. The soul of Madame Calderon is made happy forever.

"Ticket 762. The soul of the aged widow Francesca de Parma is forever released from the flames of Purgatory.

"Another Raffle for souls will be held at this same blessed church of the Redeemer on January 1st, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from Purgatory to Heaven according to the four highest tickets in this most holy lottery. Tickets one dollar. To be had of the father in charge. Will you, for the poor sum of one dollar, leave your loved ones to burn in Purgatory for ages?"

Why?

According to the Gospel all our prayers should be addressed to God alone. Prayers never were offered to Mary and the saints by the apostles and the members of the First Christian Church. The worship of Mary and the saints was commenced about 600 years after Christ and the apostles.

The worship of the cross, images and relics was established about 788 years after Christ. It is impossible to find a single trace of this practice in the Gospel.

It is about 998 years after the apostles, that lent was imposed by the Roman Catholic Church. Lent and the obligatory fast on Friday are commandments of men, not teachings of the Gospel. God does not say in his Word: "Do not eat," but: "Do not sin." Not to sin, is the only fast that God demands of us. This is the true fast.

Roman Catholic priests began the fabrication of holy water about 1000 years after the apostles. Thus this so-called holy water is merely a human novelty. But has not God blessed all his works, and can man bless what God has blessed?

Greogory VII is the Pope who made the law against the marriage of the priest, 1079 years after Christ. The Gospel teaches the marriage of the clergy. This teaching is the law of God.

There was no purgatory before the year 1438. The doctrine of purgatory was proclaimed an article of faith 1438 years after the apostles, by the Council of Florence. The Gospel does not contain a single word concerning the Roman Catholic purgatory. The blood of Christ is the only purgatory that purifies us of all our sins.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-four years after Christ the Roman Catholic Church invented the doctrine that Mary was born without sin. But the Gospel tells us that all human beings have sinned.

The infallibility of the Popes is a new doctrine which was made in the year 1870. Before the year 1870 this dogma did not exist. It takes only a little common sense to tell us that no human being is infallible. All men make mistakes of all kinds.

Rev. G. Aubin.

Providence, R. I.

All history tells us that wherever the Romish priesthood have gained a predominance there the utmost amount of intolerance is invariably the practice. In countries where they are in the minority they instantly demand not only toleration, but equality, but in countries where they predominate they allow neither toleration nor equality.

Lord Palmerston.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Protestantism Versus all Other Isms

OUR Protestant people in general have regarded some things as settled in this country. For one thing, the issue between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism as a controlling force in America was supposed to have been decided for all time when the Spanish and French gave way before the Anglo-Saxon. There is no question that the American Republic was founded on the principles of Protestantism, and that civil and religious liberty are among the fundamental guarantees under the constitution. Hence there is a feeling of security and a disposition to treat lightly the facts which tend to show that the predominance of Protestantism is threatened or our civilization in danger of being transformed. But the truth is that to-day there is a vital conflict on between the forces of Protestantism, on the one side, and all the combined "isms," including Catholicism, greatest of all, on the other. We are not pessimistic. Believing in God and in His purpose for this free land, we believe the outcome will be Protestant dominance. To believe otherwise would be to lose faith in the survival of the principles of democracy and in the perpetuity of free institutions. For the dominance of Catholicism would mean in the twentieth century exactly what it meant in the fourteenth and seventeenth. Romanism in America is not like Romanism in Spain simply for lack of power. The essential principles of Romanism are absolutely inconsistent with the liberty of the individual conscience, or with popular government. The tyrannical rule of the priesthood is exerted in America just as far as people will submit to it. The spirit of the Roman Church has not changed, and that spirit never has been American and never can be. This is not saying that there are not patriotic Catholics, but it is saying that the church does not inculcate patriotism, and as far as its authority goes makes country secondary and ecclesiastical authority first.

No, we do not believe Protestantism will be subverted in America. But we do see that it has a vast work of self-preservation and extension to do. We see before it a task mighty enough to inspire every true and heroic heart. There must be an awakening to the situation and a response to the missionary needs, or perils will develop. And there must be a combining of the Protestant forces, so that a solid front may be presented to all opposing forces.

The "isms" are not to be disposed of with a comment. They are luring from the true faith multitudes of people, and of earnest people, too, who have become dissatisfied with their Christian life and their church life, and are ready to turn to anything that promises either novelty or relief. Take almost any community you know, and see what inroads the "isms" have made within ten years past. See how the churches of this or that new sect—never a gospel sect—are growing, securing money with an ease that makes one marvel, and making proselytes right and left. Add to these cults and cure-alls the forces of Judiasm, indifferentism, and skepticism, and the totals become striking. Then put the heavy immigration figures into the columns of Romanism, and you have the grand total, against all of which Protestantism must stand and over all of which it must prevail, unless our Christian civilization is to be lost, and this country be given over to false religion and no-religion.

Protestantism must be up and doing. The immigrants are coming, a million a year now. The Protestant contingent is very small. Aside from the Jews, the great bulk of the newcomers are Roman Catholic or Greek Church. But they are by no means so tenaciously Catholic, these Italians and Slavs, as are the Irish. The church holds them by loose ties, and they are almost certain, under the influence of our free institutions, to break away from the priestly control. Thousands have done so, and thousands on thousands will do so. But in the main they lapse into skepticism or indifferentism. They are not reached by Protestantism and won to a living faith in the gospel. This is the fruitful field which our evangelical churches have to cultivate. We must put the simple gospel over against the superstitions and corrupt practices of Romanism, and evangelize the foreigners as one of the surest means to conquest.

This means that there must be a much more vigorous life in our evangelical churches. Perhaps the call of God to this great mission of saving America through evangelization may be the means of such an awakening as shall bring American Protestant Christianity to a commanding place. What we want to do is not to become alarmed, but to become alert and active, see our duty and do it. We must live, and give, and be willing to sacrifice for the cause of Christ in our own America. And in loving spirit, distinguishing always between a system and its adherents, we must speak the truth concerning the false doctrines of Romanism, which can only make headway in proportion as it enslaves the conscience and deprives the soul of its free access to the Heavenly Father. Unhappy France reveals at present what comes to a nation that drives out its Protestant population and permits the Catholic powers to rule and ruin. Rule or ruin seems to be the Catholic program there now as in the days of the Huguenots, and the outcome cannot be foreseen. Here the ends are to be reached by other methods. Jesuitism is adaptable, able and aggressive. Where force will not do, legislative and congressional lobbies, the securing and manipulation of offices, the control of politi-

ral parties, the gradual passage of laws favorable to the support of parochial schools, the pushing out of Protestant teachers and putting Catholics in their places in the public schools, the steady building of great churches and institutions —these are the methods of intrenchment and expansion that are turning many a town and city into a Roman Catholic stronghold.

Roman Catholicism sets American Protestantism a superb example of foresight, indomitable purpose, concentration, and energy. Sleepless, tireless, strategic, with dominance in view, the ecclesiastical autocracy moves forward. When will American Protestantism awake, arise, put on the garments of strength, by living and widespread preaching of the gospel win converts and stay the progress of the relentless enemy of human liberty and the inalienable rights of the soul?

Notes

As soon as the Home Mission Society can find the right men, it will open new work in Alaska, where Rev. Mr. Clevenger is now the sole missionary. The work at Copper Center is growing, and other points demand attention.

Dr. E. P. Farnham, well known to New England people through his long pastorate at Salem, has written a Home Mission story that can be used very effectively at meetings as the feature of the program. Its motto makes it especially good for young people and juniors. It can be found in the March *Monthly*, or in booklet form. The New England atmosphere of it shows that Dr. Farnham does not forget his former home, although he is wrapped up in a great work on Long Island—a work that is accomplishing much for the kingdom of God.

In this number we give a story that should increase interest in giving, and in the work of the struggling churches in the West. The writer knows whereof she tells, and shows what a woman of zeal and determination can accomplish. We have an idea that story is not a make-believe, but that it grows out of real experiences.

Dr. Morehouse says: "For unblushing effrontery and assurance, Romanism takes the lead. One of our missionaries who was present at the recent dedication of the monument at the battle field of El Caney, Cuba, says that after the addresses an old priest who had been close to Gen. Chaffee, put on his lace gown covered by another of royal purple and richly embroideded, took a book, numbled a few words in Latin, and then sprinkled the monument with holy(?) water."

Rev. G. Aubin has written another of his anti-Romanist tracts, which have done so much to open the eyes of Roman Catholic French to the truth. This is entitled "Pourquoi?" and tells, in reply to the "Why?" the reasons that impelled him to come out from the Roman Catholic church. The superstitions and false teachings and the impositions of the church upon the people are strikingly brought out. This is a good pamphlet to circulate, and it can be had from the author who is now in Providence, R. I. in charge of the French work in that city

Four Baking Powder Cans

BY JULIA FELT KNEELAND.

"MRS. CARSON, I have been thinking a lot about that little empty church over there, and I think it is about time that we had a preacher in the pulpit again." The speaker was Miss Pearson the village school teacher.

"Perhaps it is, but I don't know how we could ever pay him," replied Mrs. Carson.

"I don't think that would be very hard work, if we were really in earnest about it. You know my desk faces that way, and I see that empty church whenever I sit down and look out of the window for a moment. I think of all these boys and girls growing up without any religious instruction, until sometimes I feel as though I must go and preach there myself."

"We have a Sunday school for the children. They could attend that if they wanted to," Mrs. Carson replied, indifferently.

"Yes, but the older people have quit attending Sunday school, and gradually, I am told the young folks dropped out, after the pastor left, until now one can't depend on enough older people being present to teach the few children who do come. Why last Sunday, little fourteen year old Jennie Jones and I were the only grown ups there."

"It didn't use to be that way before the hard times, Miss Pearson. But this three years drought has just killed everything in Nebraska," sighed Mrs. Carson.

"Yes. But the drought is over now, and it is time we did something with that empty church. Everybody had good crops last year, and business is picking up again, and we ought not to neglect this other work," answered Miss Pearson.

"Have you thought out a plan? You seem to be always planning things."

"Yes. I have a partial plan. Have you ever thought that if all Christians gave one-tenth of their income to the Lord, it would only take ten people to support a preacher?"

"Ten people support a minister," echoed Mrs. Carson. "Why a hundred of us could scarcely do it in good times."

"If we gave proportionately, a hundred money earning people could support their own pastor and several missionaries on the foreign field," replied Miss Pearson.

"I never thought about it that way, but ten-tenths make a whole one, I suppose you mean. But the whole one wouldn't be a very big one in the case of this town."

"Maybe not. But the preacher would be living as well as the average of his people and if he is in the work for the salvation of souls, I believe he would be content with that."

"But preachers always have so many children, they couldn't live on so little."

"Perhaps in this case we might find one who didn't have."

"Miss Pearson, are you really in earnest?" said Mrs. Carson, showing genuine interest in the subject for the first time.

"In earnest? I never was more so in my life. During the three months I have been in Waverly, I have missed the church services so much, and then I got to thinking about all you people, not having any preaching, for over three years and then I got to thinking how we could have a preacher. Now, I don't suppose it would be possible to get many of the people to give a tenth. It is a matter of some education to get people to give in that way. But I have counted about twenty people in Waverly and the surrounding country, that I am sure would do something in order to have regular preaching, and perhaps some of them will give their tenth."

"Now, I know why you have been asking me so many questions about the people here," exclaimed Mrs. Carson.

"Yes, I have been making a list. Wait a moment and I will get it." Miss Pearson hurried into her room and came back in a moment with a paper in her hand. "Here you see I have put you all down for a tenth of your probable income. In some cases I may have overestimated and in other cases have done the reverse. But, you see we could pay the pastor and have plenty for the running expenses of the church if we were to give that way."

Mrs. Carson took the list and glanced over it until she read "Mrs. Carson, $2.50." "How did you make that out?" she laughed.

"Well, I know how much money your boarders give you every month. Then you have told me at different times how much your meat and grocery bill was, and I just added and substracted until I calculated that you have about $25 a month left after you pay your bills."

"Well, you came pretty close to it. If you succeed in getting enough people interested, so we can have a regular pastor again, I will give that much."

"And I will give $5.00. Now I am going to devote this Saturday afternoon to seeing some of these people," and she held up the list, and went into her room.

There she dropped upon her knees with the list spread out on a chair before her and prayed:—

"Dear Father, you know these people better than I do. Go before me and prepare their hearts and then help me to say just the right word to the right person. Give me Thy wisdom for this, Thy work."

She donned her outdoor wraps, and came out into the sitting room where Mrs. Carson was.

"Whom are you going to see, first," she asked.

"I thought I would try and see the deacons and see how they feel about it."

"I think that would be best. You can see Deacon McGregor in his store. He hasn't much money, but he and his wife were the ones who started the church in the first place, and I know they would be glad to see the work go on again. During the hard times they didn't have money to replenish their stock of goods, so they have lost most of their customers, but the country people go in there to visit, and it is a good place to meet people on Saturday afternoons."

"I will go there first, then."

II.

Miss Pearson found Deacon McGregor and his wife both at home. The deacon, sitting in the store reading, waiting for the chance customer, and his wife busy in the living rooms at the back.

The teacher soon spoke of the subject that filled her mind using the illustration of ten people giving one-tenth of their income.

"Well, Miss Pearson, I am just hungry to hear a sermon once more, but one-tenth of my income wouldn't go very far toward supporting anybody. You see, we have a cow and chickens, and we raise a few vegetables, but as for money—we don't see ten dollars in money—lots of months. But if the Lord gives me any money, I will gladly give one-tenth that we may have regular services again."

"If we can't get people to promise to give for a year, maybe they would be willing to try it for three months," said Miss Pearson.

"I expect that would be the best way. Here is winter coming on when the farmers are at leisure. Probably Deacon Smith will be in this afternoon. He has just sold a carload of young cattle, and ought to be able to help some."

"Will you speak to him if you see him?"

"Yes, and I may see the Bruces, too."

"How would it do to ask everybody to come out to Sunday School tomorrow, and then we can talk it over together?"

"A very good idea. O, there is Deacon Smith now," he said looking out of the window.

"I will leave him to you, and I will go over and see Mr. Crandall at the store if he isn't too busy."

Deacon Smith drove into town in a happy frame of mind on this particular Saturday. He was thinkng of the car-load of cattle that his son had taken to Omaha that week, and of the tidy sum that was deposited to his credit in a bank of that city. And then there was that other herd of cattle fattening to be shipped a little later. He laughed to himself to think how little these same cattle had cost him. A little hay for one, an order on the store for groceries for another, or a little coal on his credit at the dealer, and these calves had one by one come into his possession. A small stream that ran through his ranch provided some pasturage even in the worst years of the drouth.

Deacon McGregor called to Him. "Come in, Brother Smith. Good afternoon, Mrs. Smith. If you will go right back you will find Mrs. McGregor," and opening the door, which led from the store, he ushered her into the sitting room, and then returned to the store where Brother Smith had taken a seat near the stove.

"The weather is beginning to be quite winterish," Deacon Smith remarked.

"Yes. It looks some like snow today."

"Well, I hope the snow will hold off until I get the rest of my steers fattened," he said.

"I hear that Harry went east with a car this week. They brought you a nice sum, I suppose?"

"Yes. Good pay for my work," and he laughed pleasantly.

"That's good. I suppose you will be glad to give something toward having a minister again." It was curious to watch the change come over the richer man's face at the word "give."

"I hadn't heard anything about a preacher," he said.

"Well, I hadn't either until about an hour ago. But our school ma'am, Miss Pearson—Have you met her, yet? No? Well, I was saying, she was in here this afternoon. She is trying to get subscriptions so we can have a minister for three months, during the winter, at least. She says if only ten people would give a tenth of their income, we could pay him what the average of us earn.'

"One-tenth! Why that is too much to ask!" exclaimed Deacon Smith, as he rapidly calculated that he would have to give over $200 if he gave a tenth of the money he had in the bank.

"Well, it is not more than the Lord asked of his ancient people, and I am sure it is not much money in the case of most of us," said Deacon McGregor, with a sigh.

"Well, that is just it. There is Crandall. They say he has nearly all the trade now, and his profits must be at least $100 a month. On that basis he would give $10 a month and most of the others only one or two dollars, while all would be equally benefitted. I say it isn't a fair thing."

"No, Brother Smith, I think you are beginning in the wrong place. I believe if the Lord prospers one Christian more than

another he does it that that man may have the more money to give."

"Well, maybe so. Let them give their money who believe that way. But I have a large family and they are all home yet, and I couldn't afford to give that way. But I should be glad to have services once more. How much money have you got promised?" he asked.

"Miss Pearson, has only just started out, and has about eight dollars a month promised."

"How much do you think we could afford to pay a preacher?"

"Well, Miss Pearson has figured it all out. She says as near as she can find out, the average income of this community is about $50 a month right now, and she thinks that is as little as we ought to pay him."

"She's figuring it too high, and I don't think we can raise that much. I will give something of course, when the time comes."

III.

While this conversation was going on between Deacons McGregor and Smith, Miss Pearson was interviewing the other well-to-do member of the almost dead church. This was John Crandall, the owner of the general merchandise store. He, too, had profited during the drought by taking chickens, hogs and cattle from the farmers at low prices in payment for goods from the store at high prices.

As Miss Pearson entered the store, Crandall came forward with his genial smile.

"Good afternoon, Miss Pearson."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Crandall. Are you very busy? I would like to talk with you a few moments if you can spare the time."

"Why certainly. The clerks can attend to the customers," he said.

Then she hastened to explain her errand. Crandall listening until she had finished.

"Mr. Crandall," she said, "there are a few of us who feel that that little vacant church ought to have a preacher in it again, now that the drouth is over and prosperity is returning. Several of us are willing to pledge a tenth of our income that we may have some one here immediately. What do you think of the plan and will you give toward it?"

"I think the time has come, as you say, when we ought to have a minister again, but as for my giving a tenth of my income, why, my dear Miss Pearson, I haven't any income that I can call my own. Just as fast as the money comes in, it goes out again for more goods. We have our groceries, shoes and clothes out of the store, but very little else."

"Will you subscribe some amount so that we can know how we are getting on in the matter?" she then asked.

"I will give something, of course, but I am not prepared to say how much this afternoon."

After inviting him to the meeting on the next day, she went down the street again to the McGregor store, anxious to know what success he had had.

When McGregor told her the result of his interview with Deacon Smith, she was greatly disappointed. If those who had the money did not help, what could the rest do?

"Don't be discouraged, Miss Pearson. Perhaps they will do more than we think. We have invited a good many to come out to the meeting tomorrow, and everyone seems glad at the prospect of having regular preaching again," said the deacon.

"You had better stop on the way home and tell Mrs. Dimmick about the meeting. She was one of our most faithful members. She never had very much to give, but always gave something every week, as long as we had preaching," said Mrs. McGregor.

"Poor old soul! She doesn't look as if she had much to give, to be sure! But I will go around that way. She will probably like to come to the meeting."

Mrs. Dimmick was the village washerwoman. She lived in a sod house on the edge of town with her only child, a half-witted young man. In addition to her washing, she was janitor of the one-room schoolhouse. For this service she received $10 a month.

Miss Pearson was invited into her kitchen where she was busy about some household duties.

After a few moments spent in general conversation, Miss Pearson said, "There's going to be a meeting at the church tomorrow after Sunday school to talk about calling a pastor. Can't you come over?"

"You don't say! Why I hain't heerd nothing about it. Sure I'll come! O, I'm so glad we are a-goin' to have preachin agin."

"Of course, we are not sure whether we can get money enough to pay any one yet," Miss Pearson said.

Somehow she felt ashamed to ask this poor widow for her mite, when the rich men would not promise anything.

"I have a little of the Lord's money that I've ben a savin' ever since our last preacher went away. I thought like as not we would have another someday."

"Some of the Lord's money," echoed Miss Pearson. "Do you give a tenth to Him?"

"Yes, I have for many a year now. I used to say that when I got rich I would give lots of money to the church and to send missionaries and all sich work, but somehow I never got rich. After my husband died, I had ter work hard and do anything I could to get along, and I didn't ever seem to have any money ter give. And I used to feel so bad about it, because I can't talk to people about their souls, or speak in meetin' or anything of that kind. So how was I to have any treasure in heaven, if I didn't give somethin' to help those who could do His work? Well, one day, a lady came to our missionary meeting from away off somewhere, and she talked to us about givin'. She made it all so plain about giving one-tenth that I decided to try it. But things were almost as bad then. For I would put into church on Sunday one-tenth of what I had earned that week, and then when missionary meetin' came on Wednesday I had nothing to give then, or maybe at prayer-meeting the trustees would ask for some money for coal and there I was, without any money to give again. I thought about it a whole lot, and then fixed up a way of my own. Let me show you."

She hurried into the bedroom and pulled a wooden box from under the bed. After removing some papers and patch-work, she came out into the kitchen and sat down in front of her guest with the box on her knees.

Miss Pearson leaned forward and looked into the box. She saw four tin baking powder cans with a label pasted on the top of each. They read, "Preacher," "Home M, "Foreign" M," and "Extras," respectively.

"You see I just divide my tenth into four parts and put one part in each can. Then I always have some money for each cause."

"Well, well, you have learned how to give surely. But what have you been doing all these years that there has been no missionary society or preacher?" asked Miss Pearson.

"Why, I found out from Mrs. McGregor where to send my missionary money and I have sent it to each society myself every three months. My other money is most all here. I spent some of my 'extra' when Mrs. Sand's baby died to help get a coffin, and gave Mrs. Jones some for coal when she was sick, but the 'Preacher' money is all here. Count it," and picking up the can labeled "Preacher," she handed it to Miss Pearson.

She was much astonished at the weight of the can, and more so when she opened it and poured out the shower of pennies, nickels and dimes into her lap, to find a ten dollar bill folded in the bottom of the can.

She quickly unfolded it and exclaimed, "You didn't put this much in all at once, did you?"

"O, no, indeed! But last year when times began to be better, and more people could afford to have me do their washings, my can got pretty near full, so I counted out ten dollars and took it down to the bank and got that for all them pennies and nickels."

Nothing more was said during the absorbing work of counting that little pile of money; finally Miss Pearson said, "Twenty-one dollars and seventy cents. What a lot of money for you to give during these hard years! How did you earn it all?"

"I never put much in for a year after Mr. Douglass left, but my hens kept on laying and I sold a few eggs and a little milk and took care of the schoolhouse and washed and ironed for them that could have me, and put my tenth in my boxes as fast as I earned it, and let it stay there."

"Well, Mrs. Dimmick, I can't tell how happy it has made me to find one person who hasn't forgotten the Lord's work even in hard times. I came in here terribly discouraged, but your loyalty to Him, has restored my courage, and I believe we will get the money after all."

IV.

Sunday School was over and Deacon McGregor was addressing the church meeting. He spoke simply of the need of a pastor and the returning prosperity of the community and told in a few words the steps that had already been taken to raise the money.

"Miss Pearson," he said, "Will you please state how much has been subscribed?"

She came forward and faced the audience. "I have seven dollars and a half promised, one dollar a month conditionally and two others have promised to do something. Besides this, I have twenty-one dollars and seventy cents in cash for the pastor, and ten dollars cash for church expenses. I would like to tell you something of this last gift because of the loyalty it expresses. It is the gift of a person who perhaps is considered the poorest in our community. For a number of years she has given the tenth of her earnings to the Lord, and she did not cease this giving when the church services ceased but laid it by each week in faith, that another pastor would be called. I wonder how many of us have remembered our Lord as lovingly and faithfully during these years?"

Miss Pearson sat down. The simple story, so simply told, touched every heart. Everyone sat silent for several moments. John Crandall was the first to speak, and then Deacon Smith, and others quickly followed, until the fifty dollars a month was promised.

In due course of time the right pastor was found. The church was built up and prospered under his ministry, and became widely known for the liberality of its gifts. The pastor claims, however, that this was not due to his teaching, but to Mrs. Dimmick's "Four Baking Powder Cans."

Missionary and Church Edifice Work of the Home Mission Society

The Society has in round numbers 1,500 missionaries and teachers on its rolls, and 58 of these are working among the foreigners in New England. Try to estimate the service which these 1,500 earnest Christian pastors, teachers, and evangelists are rendering, scattered as they are throughout the country. Almost a thousand of them are in the Great West. What do you suppose would be the consequences if you were suddenly to put an end to their work? We do not half realize how much religious destitution is met by these workers, how in many instances they are the only preachers of the gospel in a large territory, how their partial support by the Home Mission Society makes it possible for hundreds of churches to maintain an existence in communities that would otherwise be gospel-less. Pioneer work was never so much needed as now. The early Baptist pioneer preachers to whom our denomination owes its extension from New England into New York and thence on westward have their counterparts in the pioneers of to-day. The early struggles and privations and heroism can be matched in Wyoming, Oregon, Upper Michigan and Minnesota in this present time. There are whole counties in need of the gospel now, and a vastly larger territory remains unevangelized than was known on the maps then.

Church Edifice

Right in hand with the missionary work is that of church building. In its seventy-four years the Home Mission Society has stimulated and aided not less than 2,410 churches to erect houses in which they might worship God. This is a noble record, but if the number were doubled it would not have filled the need. It would, however, have placed the denomination far ahead of its present position in numbers and influence and spiritual effectiveness. About a hundred churches are aided by gift and loan each year, this being all that the funds available for this purpose will permit. Read the stories that come from the workers in Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Colorado, all the great western States in fact, and you will see that there are hundreds of churches longing for a home, willing to sacrifice in all possible ways to get one. The Home Mission Society does not give large sums or make large loans, but it enables the church to go forward when otherwise the enterprise would stop and be crippled. There was a church building story in *The Monthly* last January, "The Autobiography of a Meeting House," which it would do you good to read, as it shows how a church struggles to get a home, and how the Home Mission help operates upon the church. The same issue, by the way, sets forth the pioneer work in Oregon, and reveals the results of missionary zeal wisely directed.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY, APRIL 6-11, 1906. ROWE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, ROCKEFELLER HALL.

PROGRAM

Friday Night, April 6
Greetings
Historical Sketch of Spelman (Illustrated)

Saturday, April 7
The Spelman Graduate
Afternoon—At Work in the World
Night—Public Annual Meeting of the Spelman Alumnæ Association

Sunday, April 8
Afternoon—Anniversary Sermon, by Rev. Emory W. Hunt, D.D., President of Denison University
Night—Addresses

Monday, April 9
The Spelman Student
Morning—School session, with opportunity to visit literary and industrial classes
Afternoon—Class Day for Graduates of May 16, 1906.
Night—Addresses

Tuesday, April 10
What Then?
Morning, afternoon, and night—Addresses and discussions

Wednesday, April 11
Founders' Day—A Holiday

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Sowing The Seed.

Out in the highways wherever we go,
Seed we must gather, and seed we must sow;
Even the tiniest seed has a power,
Be it a thistle or be it a flower.
Gathering seed we must scatter as well;
God will watch over the place where it fell.
Only the gain of the harvest is ours;
Shall we plant thistles or shall we plant flowers?

An All-round Mission Entertainment.

PERHAPS some Farther Lights Society is wondering what it can do next to arouse an interest in missions and add to the needy treasuries. The following, from a Haverhill, Mass. paper, may furnish helpful suggestions:—

The unique fair and entertainment given by the Woman's Home Mission Society of the First Baptist church was held last evening and was successful in every way, fully 500 being present during the hours from 7 to 10. Its object was to educate people in the work of Baptist missions at home and abroad.

As one entered the chapel there was first seen the Chinese booth and the garden where various articles peculiar to the country, including chop suey and Chinese tea, were for sale. The Alaskan booth came next, where ice cream and cake were provided by young ladies prettily gowned in white and silver spangles to represent snow. The products of the deep were also for sale. The Italian booth, decorated with the national colors, was one of the most interesting, displaying the various forms of macaroni and other dainties dear to the people of sunny Italy. The great brave and his squaw, with several Indians of his tribe, sold baskets to their customers. Beyond the wigwam were the Japanese and Philippine booths, gay with the wisteria of Japan and the fruits and flowers of our colonial possessions. In the dining room below was found the exhibit of the sailor and negro missions. A vessel 30 feet in length was constructed and coffee and crackers were displayed by the sailors. In the cabin of the negro, material from Spelman Seminary was displayed and "genuine creamed chicken" from the south for sale. Last of all came the home booth, where valuable information was freely given concerning the stations of the missionaries. During the evening an entertainment was enjoyed, consisting of songs by Italians from the Mount Washington mission, a Chinaman and by a Spanish girl, besides members of the Bible school.

The committee in charge was as follows:—Mrs. C. E. Hilliard, Mrs. Arthur Prescott, Mrs. R. G. Farley, assisted by the young ladies of the society.

The chapel car work was illustrated by a car fitted to represent the "Star of Hope," carrying all nationalities who have been visited by these messengers of the Home Mission Society

The Home of Our Favorite Plants.

The preceding article speaks of the Japanese wistaria. Do we realize how many of our most beautiful plants are natives of Japan, and dear to the flower-loving Japanese?

Of our irises we have no fewer than fifty Japanese varieties.

The crimson rambler rose comes from Japan, also many kinds of clematis, white and purple; the climbing honeysuckle with white flowers turning to yellow, the chrysanthemum, several fine varieties of lilies, nine different kinds of magnolias, the barberry seen in many of our suburban towns, the hydrangea, snowball, lilacs to supplement our own, and hosts of other blooming plants and shrubs, of which latter we may name the Dentzias, Weigelias and Spirias. Says a writer in *Life and Light* "For the Boston ivy alone whose overlapping leaves cover unsightly brick walls with a mass of restful green, we should owe a debt of gratitude to the land whence it came."

Politeness In Mexico.

IN Mexico a group of lads from seven to twelve will meet, and each boy will decorously lift his hat and salutations of extreme courtesy will be exchanged, and then comes the boyish chatter, the run and the laughter, the same as anywhere. Boys here treat their elders with respect. An old man or woman is not the butt of the youth of Mexico; rather for the old people are reserved the shadiest seats under the trees in the park. A Mexican boy or girl on entering a room walks around among the company, shaking hands with all, and on leaving the room does the same. Courtesy is taught in the public schools. There is no one jostled on the street; the best seats in the horse cars are promptly given up to the ladies, who never fail to gracefully acknowledge the favor. I have never seen a Mexican gentleman fail to give his seat to a woman, whether she was richly or poorly dressed. —*Selected.*

Our Little Folks

A Little Helper

You can be a little helper,
Child so fair!
And your kindly deeds can make,
For the Heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love, and happiness
Everywhere.

DEAR LITTLE FOLKS:—

A part of our study this month is about Mexico—where the sunshine seems perpetual and even the forests are full of flowers of most brilliant hues. One has said that added to the hundreds of orchids and air plants that hang to the branches of the trees, there are so many rare and beautiful vines and so many choice blossoms that many portions of the forests look like great gardens.

Do you know how large a country Mexico is? It covers an area of 7,837 miles and extends from north to south nearly 2,000 miles and from east to west at its widest point 800. The City of Mexico covers 85 square miles and it is 7,478 feet above the sea. In the centre of the city stands a most magnificent cathedral whose spire is two hundred feet high and from which one can get a wonderful view.

The diversities of climate are not greater in any country in the world. In one day's journey the traveler may go from torrid heat to frigid cold. The highest mountains are Popocatepetl and Orizaba nearly 18,000 feet high. Mexico is rich in agricultural products and in minerals. There seems no end to the beautiful pictures one might draw of Mexico and her people.

There are many typical homes, noble men, splendid women, and petted children, but alas! there are many poor people, who not only have no help from the wealthy class, but out of their poverty are obliged to help in the support of the churches and the priests. Says a teacher of the M. E. Church, South. The poor people even if they have very little to eat and no bed to lie on, must give money too. It is very pitiful to see these poor creatures, many of them in rags, going from one altar to another, for there are many in each of the churches, praying to the saints that are there represented. Sometimes they drag themselves on their knees from one of these altars to another across the rough stone floor."

Unlike the teaching you have received, dear little folks, the children of Mexico are early taught to pray to the Virgin and saints, and to confess to priests rather than to God.

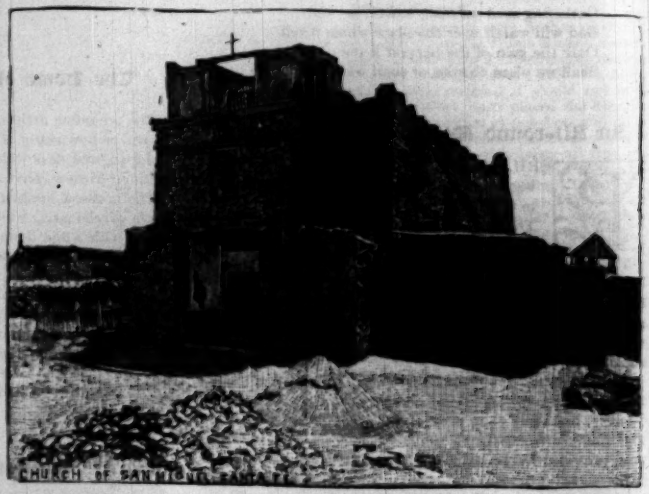
It is to show them how useless is the counting of beads and the burning of candles and to teach them the love of Jesus and how to be Christians that our missionaries and teachers go to Mexico. Will each of our children help just a little in the sending of these good workers for the Master?

Mexican Homes, Pets, and Dress

THE homes are mostly made of adobe, a kind of sun-dried brick. There is usually a little dooryard called a *patio*. Around these *patios* run the *corredors*, or as we call them corridor roofed over, like high wide piazzas.

There are no inside windows to the rooms, but they have sufficient light as the doors open into these corridors. This would be a better arrangement in Mexico where it is always warm enough to be out doors than in our own New England.

We have seen lovely pictures of these *patios*. One was covered overhead with glass and filled with beautiful plants. Another had a spreading vine covered with masses of bloom. It is well to remember not *all* patios are so adorned, and that there are some homes like those of the peasants which are merely huts.



The Mexicans are all fond of birds and flowers. Even in the humblest homes you will find both and it is said that they are never too poor to buy a little seed for their birds. These pets are usually redbirds, mocking birds, or canaries. Sometimes there are four or more cages at the door of a single hut.

One of the strange sights to American eyes is that the women and girls of the lower and middle classes never wear hats, while the men wear such large ones. The women and girls all wear *rebosos*. These are shawls, almost always black ones one end of which is often thrown over the head. The men usually wear their *serapes* (blankets) at all times and in all seasons. They are as much a part of their dress as their hats. When not in use they are folded over their shoulders, and carried very gracefully. The men's hats are the tall sugar loaf ones, many of them having very wide brims. These are made of both felt and straw. The former are usually very handsome, and frequently cost fifteen dollars or more.

—*The Little Worker.*

A Suggested Program

E know how hard it is to find something new in the way of programs for our Junior meetings. It is always helpful to know what somebody else has tried and found successful.

Jennie Carpenter Warner, in *Life and Light* for March, 1905, suggests a program for a meeting on Japan. We are sure she would be perfectly willing to let our young folks adapt it to a Home Mission meeting.

In the first place Miss W. suggests that the mothers be invited to come to the meeting. This is to secure their interest and co-operation.

One of the boys is to bring his bicycle or the bell detached Another may borrow a postman's bag, and if possible, coat and cap. A hunting bag will do, if the other cannot be obtained.

If the meeting is arranged to represent the Indians, Mexican, Chinese, Cuban or Porto Rican work, costumes for a boy and girl can easily be arranged. We are very sure that the ladies at our rooms in Boston could help in this matter. Little or no rehearsing will be necessary if one or more adult workers will lend their assistance. We will now quote and adapt. "After suitable opening exercises the bicycle bell rings in an adjoining room. A boy or girl previously instructed goes to the door, and the 'postman' comes in, handing the leaders of the meeting a package of leaflets, some of the most telling on the people considered during the program, a bundle of missionary papers (ECHOES) and a letter. The letter is from one of the teachers, in the field specified explaining clearly the work which the children are asked to do this year.

Let the letter be read aloud, the two packages opened and laid aside for distribution at the close of the meeting.

At this point the 'door bell' will ring again. The bell boy admits the Indian, or the Chinaman or whoever is the guest of the Juniors for the evening. He is in costume, and should have been previously coached and prepared to answer questions which have previously been distributed among the audience. These questions and answers will be suggested by some well prepared leaflet. Assume that the Indian 'White Feather,' or the Chinaman 'Chin Kee' or whoever has come is just from his home and can tell the children anything they want to know.

After he has finished answering questions and taken his seat the door bell again sounds and a young lady of his people enters, Miss.———— She can be prepared to give any information you wish presented. Selections from leaflets in our Societies' list of publications will be timely. Or, should she chance to be an Alaskan she could read and personate 'Tashekah.' She can also exhibit curios and pictures.

The door bell again rings, and the bell boy admits the expressman, carrying an express package. Ask him to open it for you. This he does, disclosing the mite boxes which are to be used the coming year. After a few earnest words to mothers and children, distribute ECHOES, leaflets, and mite boxes.

This method is very effective, as it keeps the attention of the children on the *qui vive* to see what is coming next. In the society where it was originated, the pastor said it was the first time he ever saw boys 'tumbling over each other' for the privilege of taking part in a missionary meeting.

The Gleaners

T is no new thing for our young people in the schools to consider the work of famous artists and in a sense to interpret their pictures, but it seems somewhat strange and very interesting to follow the thought of the pupils in our mission schools. In this number we introduce the readers of this Department to two young Chinese women in the school at Butte, Montana. As soon as we have greeted the first we will listen to her answers to the questions put by her teacher, Mrs. Small, who has sent us a copy of questions and answers:—

In the foreground are three peasant women. What are they doing? They are picking the grain which is left.

Describe their dress and tell how they carry the gathered grain.

They dress like poor people and they carry their grain in the sack which they wear in the front.

For what do you think they will use the grain when gathered? How will it be stored? I don't know.

If you think work is hard, tell why? It is because the sunshine is hot.

Do you think these women have done much of this kind of work? No.

Tell why? Because it is too hard.

For whom do you think they are working? I don't know

This is a copy of a famous picture. The artist must have seen something in these workers about which he wished to tell everyone. What do you think it was? I don't know.

Who was the artist? Jean Francois Millet.

Many of our young folks are familiar with the picture mentioned above. Finished in 1856 it was purchased from a New York gentleman, A. Corning Clark, by the French Government at a cost of $60,000. The young Chinese woman has given us the foreground of the picture, the women patiently at work under the scorching rays of the noonday sun: away in the distance we see the men at their toil, the faithful horses bearing the heavy load that shall help make another of the huge stacks of grain—the buildings of the farm, and the belt of trees against the horizon.

A friend who has seen the original picture in the Louvre at Paris says that he sees in the artists' thought the attempt to teach the heroism shown in a day's work faithfully done, and that to *achieve* is more than to *possess*.

❦

We now listen to a story told to her teacher by Mrs. Hum Ku, who, according to the Chinese custom, was married while yet very young.

If our readers had studied Chinese as short a time as Mrs Hum Ku has studied English we doubt if they would be able to tell so intelligible a story:—

I will tell you how strange something! Four month a go, one time come a bobolink bird fly in dine room, White cat saw bird first, We call the bird it is rice bird.

I am through the Second Reader. Learn six marks. A period mark to put on sentence last, made stop the voice.

Some other question mark to ask how do you do? Other exclamation point mark sometime see the funny and sometime see the badly to put on last sentence! A comma make rest for very short time, the semicolon twice long as a comma, The colon shows a longer pause a semicolon.

Let us hope we may again hear from our friends at Butte?